

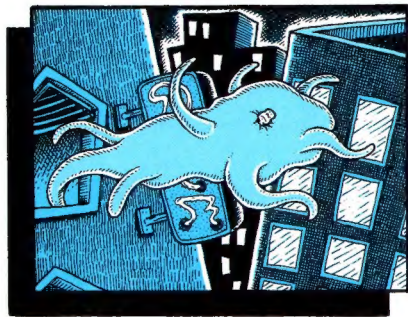
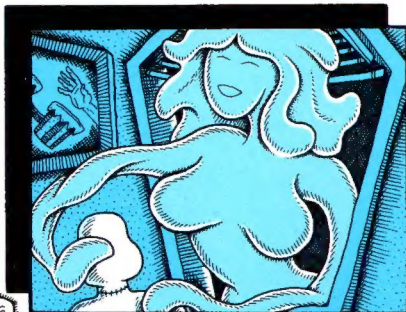
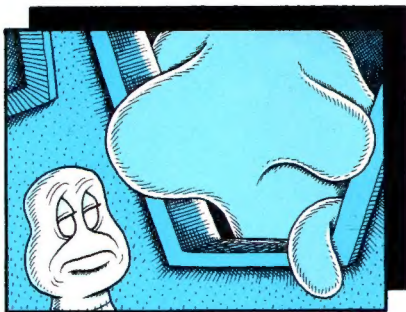
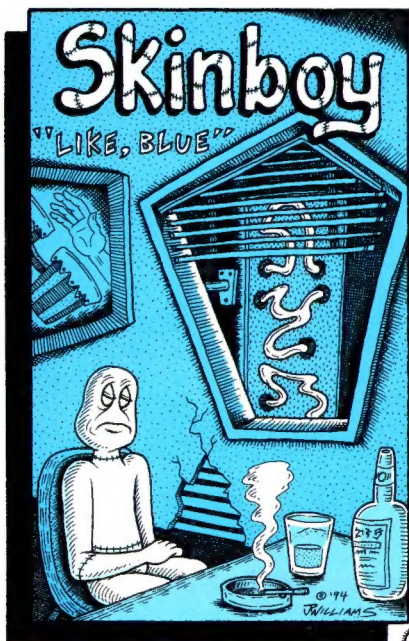
FUNKY CARTOON STORIES TOLD WITH GRAVE GUSTO BY
Frank Stack David Collier Charles Bukowski & Pat Moriarty
Henriette Valium David Holzman Mike Diana Max Andersson
Ted Stearn J.R. Williams

**FIRST
ISSUE**
MARCH-
APRIL 1995

FAVORITE BOOKS

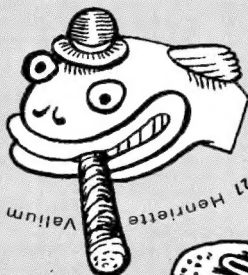
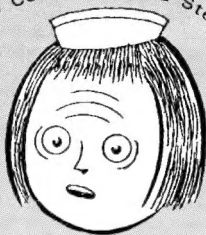
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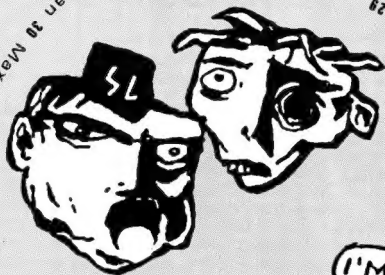




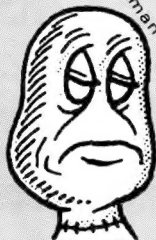
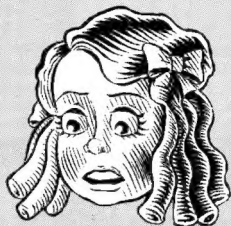
FC Gary Panter IFC J.R. Williams 3-6 David Collier 7-12 Ted Stearn 13 Mary Fleener 14-18 Frank Stack 20-21 Henriette



Valium 28-29 Bros Detich & Michael Dougan 30 Max Andersson 31-45 David Holzman 47-49 Charles Bukowski & Pat Moriarity 50-55 Mike Diana 56 Glenn Head



I'M TIRED



56 Glenn Head

ZERO ZERO

The 1980s, despite their numerous other faults as a decade, were an electrifying period for "alternative," "underground" (or whatever you want to call them) comics, and much of that electricity flowed from the twin poles of RAW and Weirdo, the Gog and Magog of comics anthologies.

Curiously, the two magazines often seemed at odds with one another, each specifically rejecting the other's sensibilities. Even though a number of cartoonists were able freely to cross over between the two factions (Friedman, Kaz, most of the old-time undergrounders), many others remained resolute RAWheads, or Weirdo-ers. One can scarcely imagine RAW's intellectual Eurotoonists, or arty folks like Panter, Beyer, and Burns in Weirdo (to say nothing of Maus!) nor would J.D. King, Dennis Worden, or Peter Bagge have been conceivable in the hallowed pages of RAW. This graphic cold war has faded into the past: Crumb drew the cover for the final RAW, while Spiegelman and Burns contributed a piece to the last regular issue of Weirdo. Still, it was fun while it lasted.

Factional warfare aside, there was something tremendously exciting about picking up a new issue of either magazine. In addition to finding new work by your old favorites, you never knew when some brand new (or just unknown-to-you) inkstud or artbabe would blow your brain straight through the back of your skull. A new issue of Cud, JIM, or Dirty Plotte is an exciting thing, sure, but page for page, you know more or less what you're getting: you're not going to turn a page and get your very first glimpse of a Panter, a Swarte, or a Seda — nor are you going to stumble across a rare new story by S. Clay Wilson or Justin Green.

A goodly number of first-rate anthology comics have been cluttering up the comics-store racks since RAW and Weirdo's oddly synchronous exit from center stage — Blabl, Drawn & Quarterly, Twisted Sisters, a handful of short-lived hopefuls from the Fantagraphics stables (most recently Snake Eyes) — but none has hit quite the same resonant chord as their '80s forebears. That balance of the new and the established, of penthouse art and gutter art, of quantity (page count for RAW, frequency for Weirdo) and quality, remains elusive. ZERO ZERO is but the latest to attempt a few steps down that path.

Like every editor, I have my own prejudices, principles, and neuroses, and it might be easier for all of us if I get them out in the open right off the bat. First, ZERO ZERO will be something of a refuge for those who are sick unto death of the autobio comics trend, not to mention its cousin, the graphic lecture/rant: although I will let my defenses down for the occasional extraordinary piece (this issue's Bukowski/Moriarty collaboration being a case in point), ZERO ZERO is about fiction in comics form. Second, ZERO ZERO is unabashedly nationalistic: Only North American cartoonists — or those who, like Max Andersson, work within a similar graphic and narrative framework — will be showing up here. Personally, I love many of the European cartoonists, but I find the coherency problem that often afflicts anthologies (including some I've worked on in the past) are bad enough without trying to act like some sort of graphic U.N. Third, I would like to remind everyone that there is only one "m" in comics. Fourth, a promise: No text features in ZERO ZERO! Fifth, letters to ZERO ZERO are welcome, but I have no particular plans for a regular or even occasional letters column, unless something especially compelling comes over the transom. And sixth, no more boring editorials, ever.

All right, then, the odometer reads ZERO ZERO, we've got a full tank of gas, let's floor this sucker and see where it takes us.

— KIM THOMPSON

NOSTALGIA ©LLIER in the

LATE 20TH CENTURY!

NOSTALGIA IS NOTHING NEW!
THE FIRST RECORDED NOTION
OF IT WAS BY THE GREEK POET
HESIOD IN THE 8TH CENTURY B.C.!

IN LITERATURE'S EARLIEST
DIDACTIC POETRY, HESIOD
RAILED AGAINST MANKIND'S
SPIRALING MORAL DECAY!

HE COINED A PHRASE
THAT IS WITH US TODAY!



...IT'S BEEN RECOGNIZED AROUND
THE WORLD AS THE ABSOLUTE
WORST FILM EVER MADE—WE
HERE AT THE FREMONT "ALMOST
FREE OUTDOOR CINEMA" ARE
PLEASED TO PRESENT IT TO
YOU TONITE—SO NOW SIT
BACK AND ENJOY...

"PLAN 9 FROM
OUTER SPACE!"



HA! HA! HA
I'VE NEVER
HEARD AN AUDIENCE
REVEL IN A SEQUENCE OF
OPENING CREDITS SO MUCH!



IT'S JUST
PLAIN FUKIN'
STUPID!



CULTURE FROM THE PAST IS ONLY
REFRESHING WHEN THERE IS AN
ELEMENT OF SERENDIPITY INVOLVED...
EVERYONE HERE
EXPECTS
TO SEE
GOOFY
STUFF!

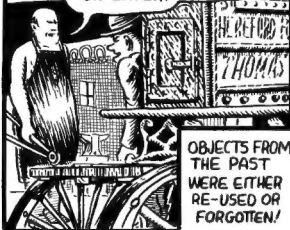


I SHOULD'VE STAYED HOME!
IN A BIG CROWD OF ANALLY
RETENTIVE BABY BOOMERS,
YOU'RE UNHIP TO THE MAX
IF YOU'RE NOT
SEEN "GET-
TING" IT!



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT APART FROM THOMAS JEFFERSON'S AGRARIAN DREAMS, AMERICA WAS, AT ONE TIME, A "NOSTALGIA-FREE ZONE"!!

OK, SOLD! I CAN USE THE METAL IN AN OLD STOVE LIKE THAT SOONER OR LATER!



OBJECTS FROM THE PAST WERE EITHER RE-USED OR FORGOTTEN!

THERE WAS NO SUCH THING AS "AMERICAN MEMORABILIA" BEFORE CHICAGO'S WORLD COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION OF 1893. IT WAS THERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THAT A DISPLAY OF AMERICAN ANTIQUES CAUGHT THE PUBLIC'S IMAGINATION!



PEOPLE HAD NEVER CONSIDERED AMERICAN ANTIQUES AS OBJECTS OF VALUE BEFORE...THE POPULAR DISPLAY IN CHICAGO WAS THE BIRTH-PLACE OF TODAY'S COLLECTOR'S MARKET!



THE EARLY COLLECTORS OF AMERICANA TENDED TO BE RICH DUDES LIKE JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., AND HENRY FORD!



ROCKEFELLER BEGAN FINANCING THE COLONIAL RESTORATION OF WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA, IN 1927. AND AROUND THE SAME TIME, FORD OPENED HIS MUSEUM NEAR DETROIT. THE LATTER I VISITED WHEN I WAS A KID.



THE FORD MUSEUM! I WAS THERE DURING THOSE BAKING HOT DETROIT SUMMERS IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES!



MY SISTER AND I STAYED WITH MY GRANDMOTHER WHO INDULGED OUR TASTE FOR JUNK! CAP'N CRUNCH! ENTIRE DAYS SPENT IN FRONT OF THE TV. WITH PRINGLES!



YOU COULD RIDE AROUND IN A REAL CAR LIKE AN FORD MAVERICK, AND GO TO A BALLGAME IN A REAL PARK SUCH AS TIGER STADIUM! THOSE WERE BETTER DAYS THAN THESE WE ARE LIVING THROUGH NOW...



AH, THE EARLY SEVENTIES! IF ONLY PEOPLE THEN UNDERSTOOD HOW GOOD THEY HAD IT! BUT NO— INSTEAD OF KICKING BACK AND ENJOYING LIFE THEY WORRIED; THEY WORRIED ABOUT THE BOMB, THEY WORRIED ABOUT THE ENERGY CRISIS— THEY EVEN WORRIED THAT COMET KOHOUTEK WAS ON ITS WAY DOWN TO SMASH THEM IN THE BRAIN!



TO ESCAPE THESE WORRIES, PEOPLE SOUGHT REFUGE IN ANOTHER ERA.



WHO COULD'VE FORSEEN THAT THE 25-YEAR SPAN SINCE THE END OF THE SIXTIES—A TIME OF ENORMOUS SOCIAL CHANGE—WOULD BE AWASH WITH WAVE AFTER WAVE OF NOSTALGIA?



IRONICALLY, THE CATALYSTS FOR CHANGE, THE YOUTH OF THE '60'S, WERE ALSO THE DRIVERS OF THE NOSTALGIA BANDWAGON! EXPRESSING LINKS WITH THE REBELLIOUS YOUTH OF THE 1920'S THEY SURROUNDED THEMSELVES FROM THE EARLIER ERA!



THE BABY BOOM GENERATION FIRST FOUND COMFORT IN ART NOUVEAU, ART DECO, THE FILMS OF THE '20'S, '30'S, THE '40'S. BUT THE GREATEST NOSTALGIC REVIVAL OF ALL CENTERED ON 1950'S ROCK & ROLL! EVERYWHERE, 20 YEARS AGO, RECONDITIONED JUKEBOXES BELTED OUT "GOLDEN OLDIES"...



"NOSTALGIA", AS CHRISTOPHER LASCH SAID, "IS BASED ON THE ABDICATION OF MEMORY." AND IT'S SO PREVALENT IN OUR CULTURE NOW... IT'S LIKE WE'VE LOST THE WILL TO MOVE FORWARD!



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SOCIETY REACHED A SIMILAR POINT... PEOPLE JUST PREFERRED TO LIVE IN THE PAST!

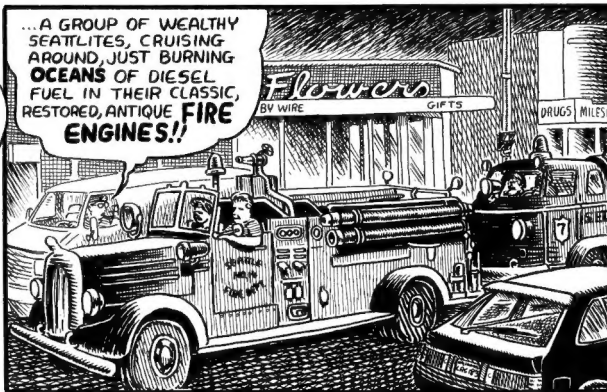


I GET NOSTALGIC LONGINGS AS BAD AS ANYONE BUT—

**HUH
WHAT'S
THIS?!**



...A GROUP OF WEALTHY SEATLITES, CRUISING AROUND, JUST BURNING OCEANS OF DIESEL FUEL IN THEIR CLASSIC, RESTORED, ANTIQUE FIRE ENGINES!!

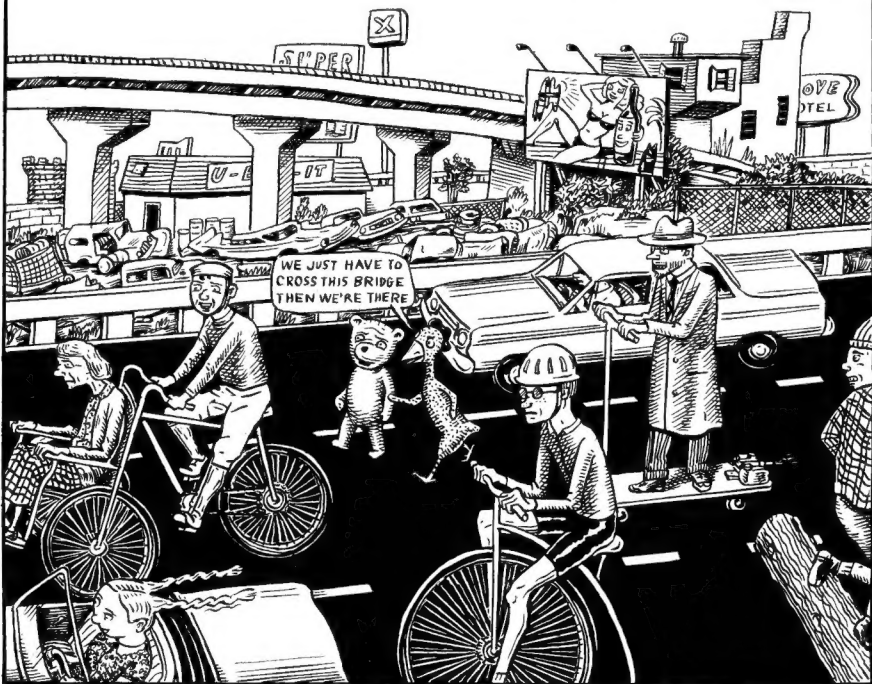


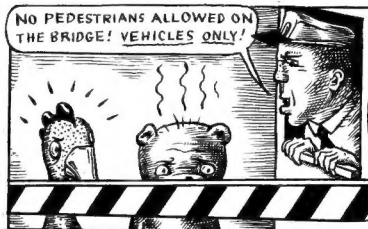
THIS ISN'T EVEN MY VAN, BUT ACTION MUST BE TAKEN!!

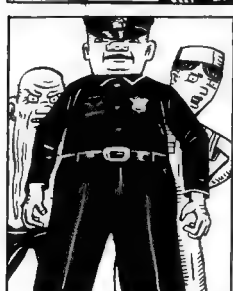
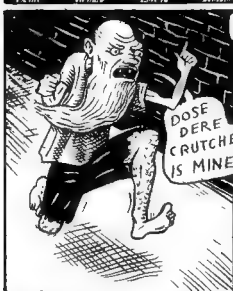
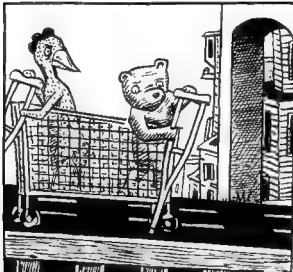


The End

FUZZ & PLUCK ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE CITY TO FIND WORK. THEY DON'T HAVE MUCH MONEY SO THEY MUST WALK THERE



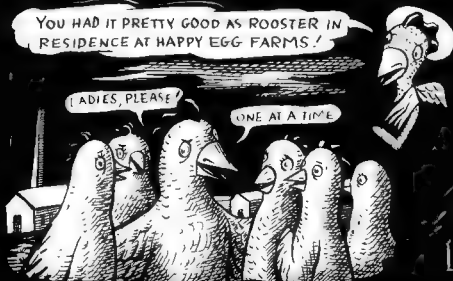




AS THEY AWAIT THEIR FATE IN A COLD JAIL CELL, PLUCK IS VISITED BY HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.



YOU HAD IT PRETTY GOOD AS ROOSTER IN RESIDENCE AT HAPPY EGG FARMS!



SURE, THE CONSTANT SEX COULD BE DULL AND PERFUNCTORY, BUT AT LEAST YOU HAD A PURPOSE!



THEN YOUR NUMBER WAS UP! - AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW!

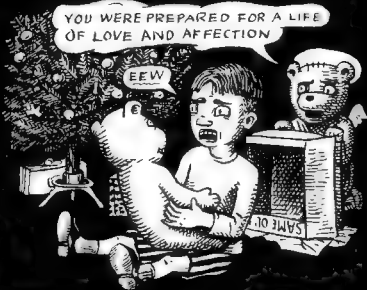
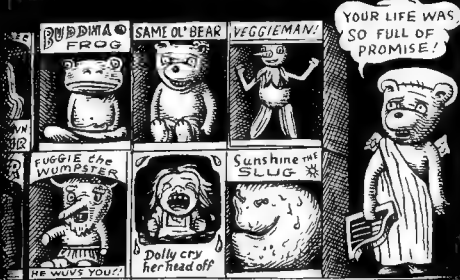


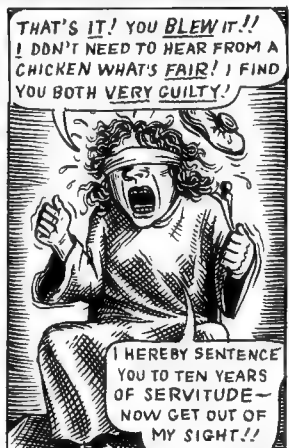
WHEN I LET YOU ESCAPE I SAVED YOU FROM CERTAIN DEATH



SO WHY ARE YOU MAKING ME LOOK BAD?

PUZZ ALSO RECEIVES A VISIT FROM HIS SPIRITUAL WARD

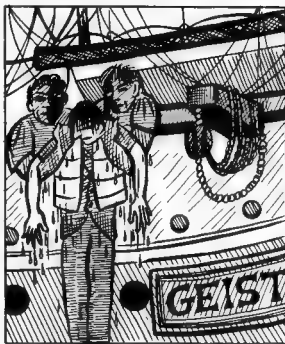




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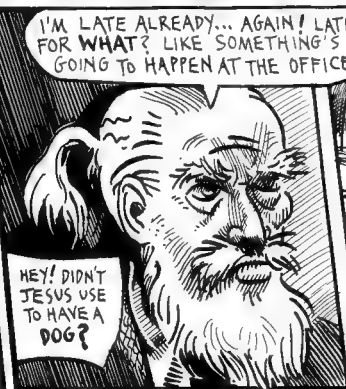
THE SEA WOLF BY JACK LONDON

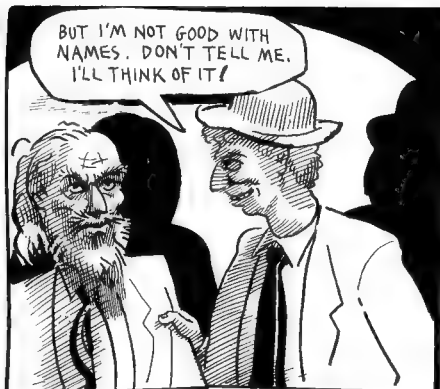
by MARY FLEENER '93



OVER THE HILL WITH JESUS

BY FOOLBERT STURGEON
(WHAT A SILLY "SECRET" PSEUDONYM!)





WHAT'S UP?
COFFEE READY?

DON'T YOU WISH?
WHERE'S YOUR HALO?

IN THE SHOP!
ANY MESSAGES?

YOU MISSED YOUR DENTAL APPOINTMENT.
SO I RESCHEDULED YOU FOR THIS TIME
NEXT YEAR. AN OLD GUY NAME OF
BILLY GRAHAM CALLED, SAYS HE'S AN OLD PAL.

WHAT DID HE WANT, MY AUTOGRAPH?

NAW, HE WANTS YOU FOR A CHARACTER
WITNESS AT HIS EMBEZZLEMENT TRIAL.

I DON'T EVEN KNOW
THE GUY. ANY MAIL?

WATER AND LIGHT'S GONNA CUT US
OFF IF WE DON'T PAY THE BILL BY
11:00 TODAY!

PAY THEM, THEN!

WITH WHAT?
WE'VE BEEN OVER-
DRAWN SINCE THE
FIFTH OF THE MONTH.
WE'RE ABOUT TO GET
EVICTED, TOO.

BOOGERS! CALL GRAHAM
BACK AND SAY I'LL DO IT,
BUT IT'LL COST HIM

WHAT AM I SAYING?
DON'T CALL HIM BACK.
PUT THE PRESSING BILLS
ON THE NSF GRANT...

YOU DON'T HAVE A NATIONAL
SCIENCE FOUNDATION GRANT.
YOU GOT TURNED DOWN. THEY
DON'T THINK THAT STUFF
YOU DO IS SCIENCE.

WHAT DO THEY
KNOW? I'M
THE ONE WHO
STARTED
SCIENCE...

VISA CARD?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT
THOSE NUISANCE BILLS.
IMPORTANT PEOPLE OWE
ME SOME BIG FAVORS
I'LL SCHMOOZE AROUND
AND COOK UP A MIRACLE

YOU'VE BEEN
OVER THE
LIMIT FOR
SIX MONTHS

AGAIN?

HEY? ISN'T ANYBODY GOING
TO ASK WHAT HAPPENED TO
HIS DOG?

THE JESUS BUSINESS IS NOT WHAT IT ONCE
WAS... TOO MUCH COMPETITION? I USED TO
HAVE TWELVE EMPLOYEES, BUT THEY ALL
WENT INTO BUSINESS FOR THEMSELVES.

AFTER I TAUGHT THEM ALL MY
BEST TRICKS, TOO

THE NEXT BUNCH OF
COMMANDMENTS IS GON
INCLUDE "THOU SHALT NOT
SHUFFLE PAPERS!"

I'M TRYING TO USE MODERN METHODS. I'VE
GOT A FAX AND AN 800 NUMBER, ADVERTISE
ON CABLE: PSYCHIC HOTLINE STRAIGHT
TO JESUS. ALL I GET IS NOT CALLS.

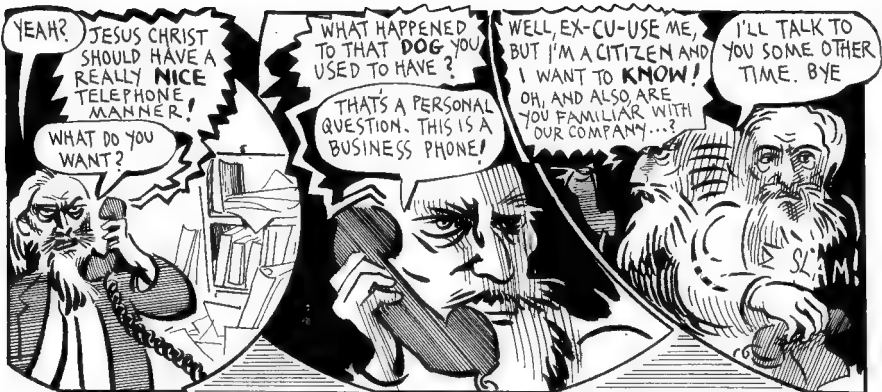
MAYBE I SHOULD
DROP THE "PSYCHIC"

BRING IT!

I EVEN HIRED A CONSULTANT. HE SAID
TO MAKE IT A 900 NUMBER AND
CHARGE \$8.00 A MINUTE.

BUSINESS IS SLOW, TO SAY THE LEAST! GUESS
I'LL WORK ON SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS, LIKE
THE FINAL DAY OF JUDGEMENT... GOTTA FIND
MY NOTES. IT WAS WATER LAST TIME. IS IT
FIRE NEXT? OR FAMINE? COULD BE PESTILENCE
I GUESS. IT WORKS WELL... BUT I THINK THE
CONTRACT CALLS FOR FIRE.

RINGLE!



GIRLFRIEND?
I CAN'T AFFORD
A GIRLFRIEND!

MAYBE I SHOULD GO TO
LUNCH TOO. BUT MAN DOES
NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE.
BESIDES, I'VE BEEN EATING
TOO MUCH BREAD LATELY...
PIZZA, TOO

WASN'T JESUS
MARRIED?
OR WAS HE?

WORRYING ALL THE TIME ABOUT
BOOKKEEPING IS MAKING
ME INTO A NASTY CRANK...
WHERE WAS I? OH, YES,
LOOKING FOR MY NOTES!

SOME
BODY
OUGHTA
ASK HIM
ABOUT
THAT, TOO

CRASH!

OH, NO!
NOT ANOTHER
ONE OF THESE!
IT'S A GUN WITH
TWO BULLETS FIRED
FROM THE
CHAMBER.

EVERY DAY WHEN JOY TAKES
HER LUNCH BREAK SOME
PRANKSTER THROWS WEIRD
JUNK THROUGH MY WINDOW.
IT'S SORTA SUSPICIOUS

BUZZ!

SNAP!

PACKAGE FOR A MR. CHRIST.

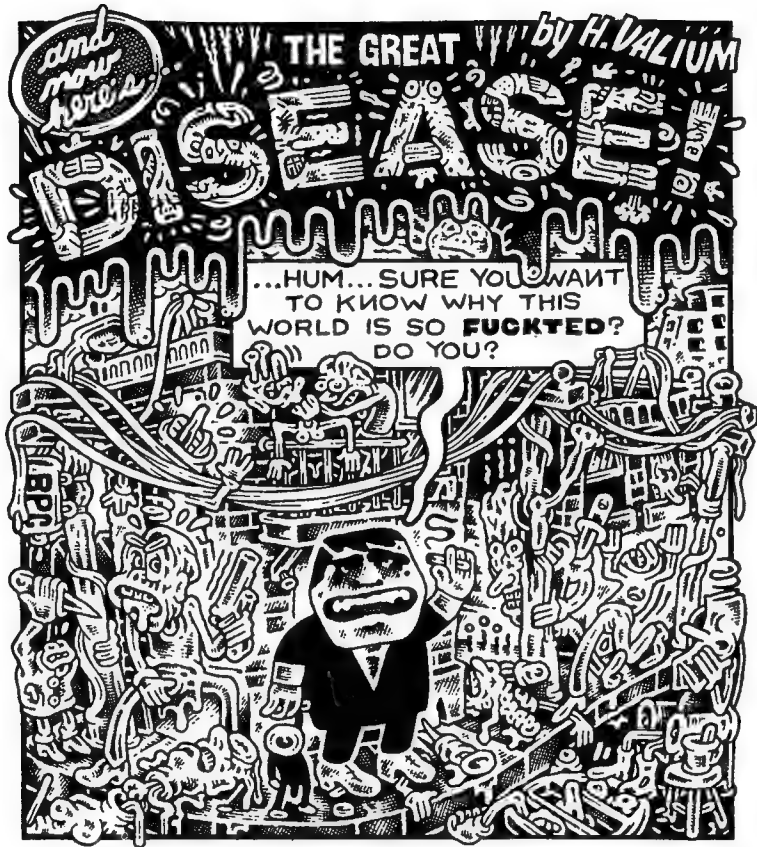
MUDDY SOCKS? I KEEP GETTING
THESE MYSTERIOUS "GIFTS" WHEN
NO ONE ELSE IS AROUND. GUESS I
BETTER KEEP IT AS EVIDENCE.

THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY
HERE!

SEND IN QUESTIONS FOR
JESUS, AND WE'LL TRY TO
GET HIM TO RESPOND. NO
ANGRY, NUTTY STUFF, PLEASE.
The Editors

COULD BE YOU, DOC! CAN'T
YOU TELL THAT YOU'RE BEING
SET UP, JESUS?

TO BE CONTINUED



**ONCE UPON A TIME
THERE WAS
A PERFECT WORLD
CALLED "EARTH"...**

**IT WAS A VAST PARADISE
OF PEACE & HAPPYNESS,
A LAND OF HARMONY
& VACATION...**



**NO BUMS, NO SEX, NO VIOLENCE, ONLY TRUE
LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, AFFECTION, GOOD~WILL,
KINDNESS, CHARITY, AND PEACE... (COOL!)**



SUPER~FUCKING SHIT IT WAS GREAT!

PEOPLE... ALL SO STUPID... BUT AT LEAST...
LOVED EACH OTHER ... UNTIL ... UNTIL ?!?

... UNTIL THE FIRST
BAD VIBE
BURST FROM NOWHERE !!!



NO ONE KNEW WHERE
SHE CAME FROM...
MAYBE FROM
OUTER SPACE ?...

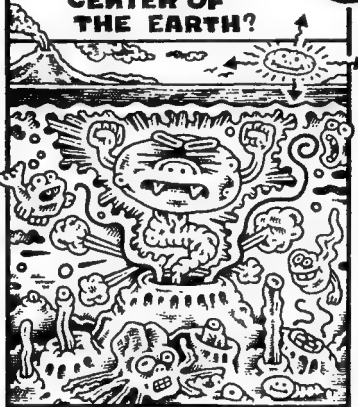
WHA?!



... MAYBE FROM A BAD
MEDICAL
EXPERIMENT?...



... OR FROM THE
CENTER OF
THE EARTH?

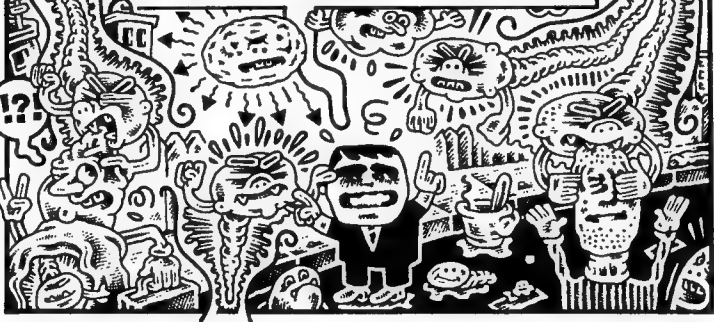


MAYBE THE
SICKNESS WAS LYING
SIMPLY DEEP INSIDE
EVERYONE OF US !?!



ANYWAY...

SLOWLY BUT SURELY, THE
INFECTION BEGAN TO SPREAD!

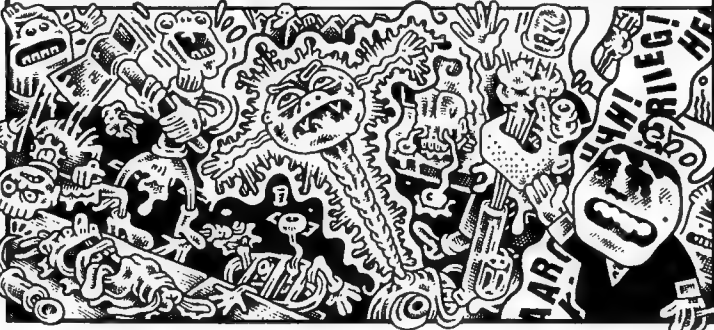


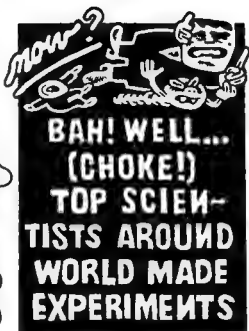
SOON, WHAT WAS GOOD BECAME **BAD** AND
WATH WAS **BAD** BECAME MORE AND MORE

BRO, WEIRD & UGLY!!!



SANTA HOLY TRIPLE MOTHER OF EVERYTHING!
I JUST CAN'T DESCRIBE TO YOU THE REST!...





...TRYING TO ANALYZE
AND FURTHERMORE
DESTROY THE "THING"
WITH **HARD DRUGS**
AND **ATOMIK RAYS !!!**



... CULMINATING IN A
DESPERATE ADMISSION
OF IMPOTENCE, THE
DEFEAT OF GOOD WILL
& A TOTAL **FAILURE**
OF MANKIND !!!



IT WAS INDESTRUCTIBLE, AND, IN FACT...



**TOO LATE 'CAUSE
WEAPONS & BOMBS
WERE CREATED!!!**



**TOO LATE 'CAUSE HA!
THE COMMUNIST BEAST
IS STILL ALIVE!!!**



**TOO LATE 'CAUSE
RAPES, LIES AND
HYPOCRISY ARE NOW
THE COMMON LAW!!!**



**HERE'S YOUR FIX!
LET'S FUCK!**

**TOO LATE 'CAUSE
OUR \$Y\$T\$E\$M'S BEEN
BACKSTABBED BY
POVERTY, IGNORAN~
CE & CUPIDITY!!!**

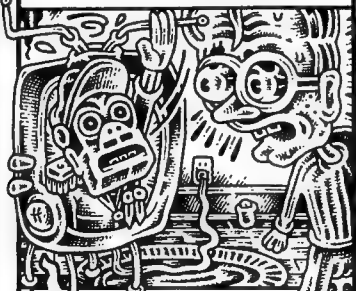


Now?

THE FEW OF US
THAT ARE STILL
GOOD REMAIN **HIDED!**

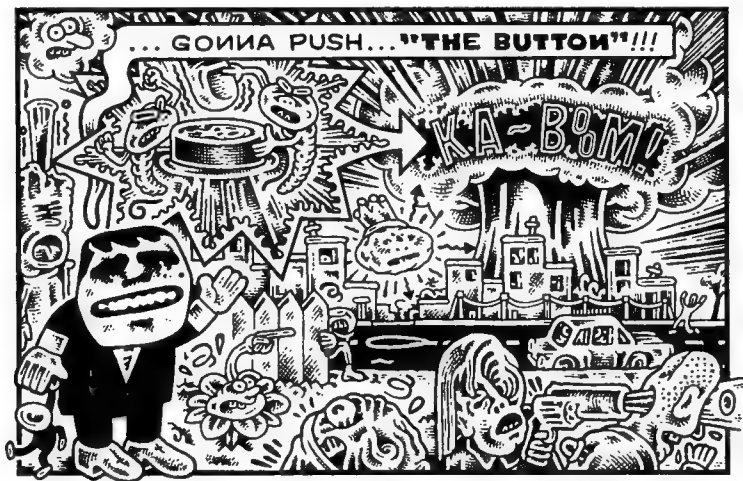


...AWAITING THE TIME
THAT SOMEONE WHO'S
MORE **FUCKIN WILD**
THAN EVERYONE ...



EL PRESIDENTE
NUCLEO BOMBA!

... GONNA PUSH... **"THE BUTTON"!!!**



...AND IN A PURE INFERNO
LOGICA, PROVOKE THE ULTI-
MATE COLLAPSE AND KILL
ALL LIFE AMEN! (BELTCH...)



EPILOGUE

THAT DOES IT
EXCEPT FOR
ONE LITTLE "BUG".

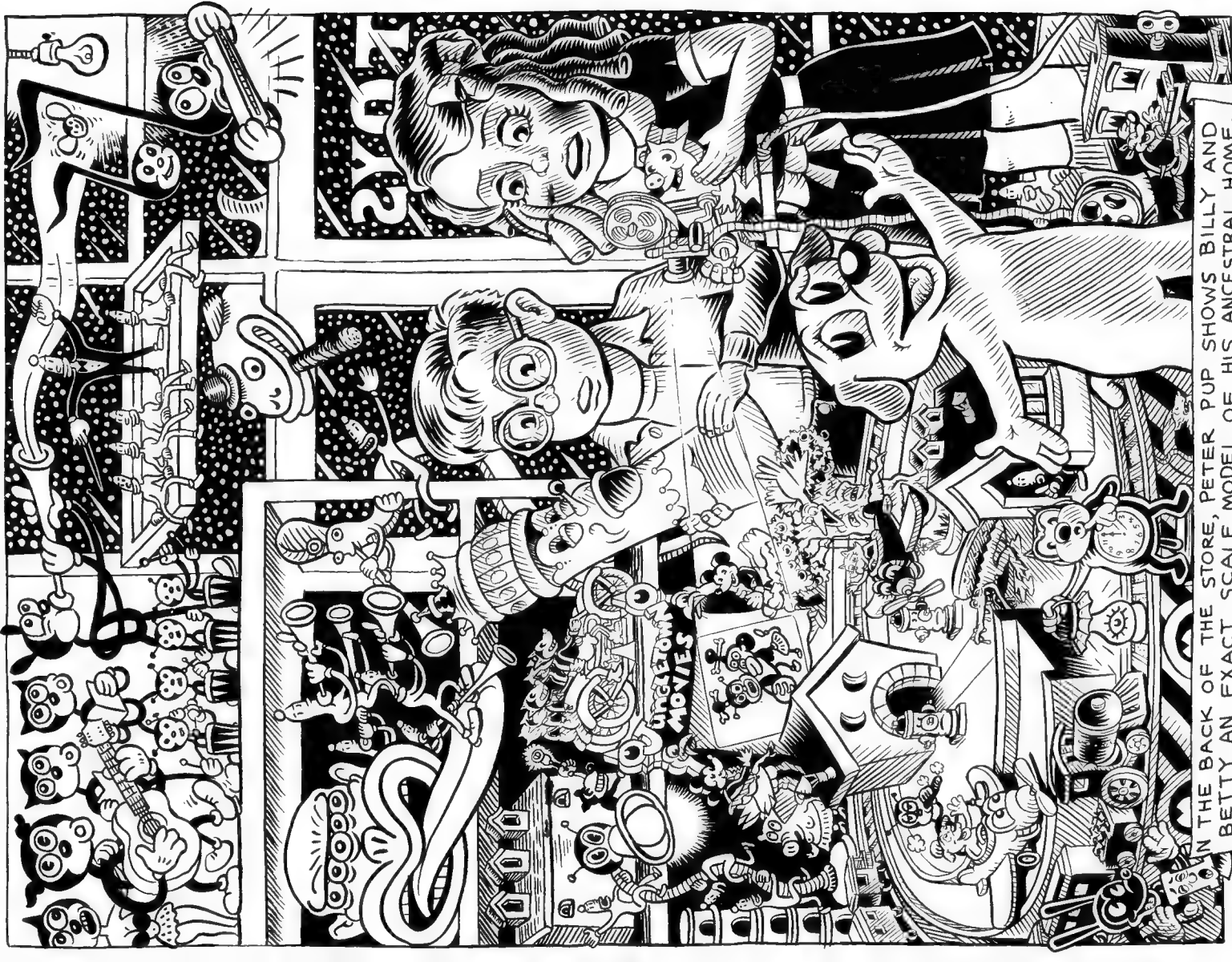


NOBODY'S NOTICED,
IN THIS HELL,
COMING FROM "WHO
KNOWS WHERE"...



A SUPER BIG FAT
FUCKING BAD MOOD!
IS THERE ANY HOPE?!?





IN THE BACK OF THE STORE, PETER PUP SHOWS BILLY AND BETTY AN EXACT SCALE MODEL OF HIS ANCESTRAL HOME.

MICHAEL DOUGAN

SIMON DEITCH AND Kim Deitch

IN THE SUBWAY

THAT'LL BE TWO DOLLARS

BUT I'M NOT GOING, I JUST WANT TO THROW MYSELF IN FRONT OF THE TRAIN

THEN YOU MUST HAND IN ALL METAL OBJECTS. THEY COULD DAMAGE THE RAIL

VERY GOOD. ALSO, YOU HAVE TO PAY \$798.- COMPENSATION FOR DELAYS AND TRAUMAS SUFFERED BY THE DRIVER

GOSH, I ONLY HAVE SIX DOLLARS AND TEN CENTS

WE'VE GOT A LOW-BUDGET SPECIAL FOR FIVE BUCKS

PANG

FUCKING LOSER

MAXAMAZON

THE MAN WITH THE BIG HEAD

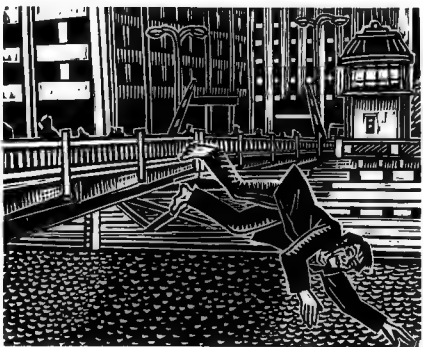
BY DAVID N. HOLZMAN







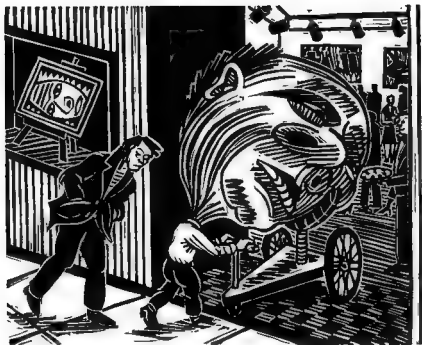






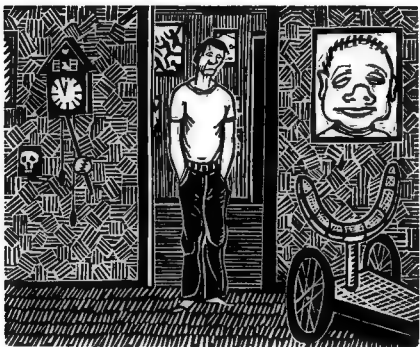




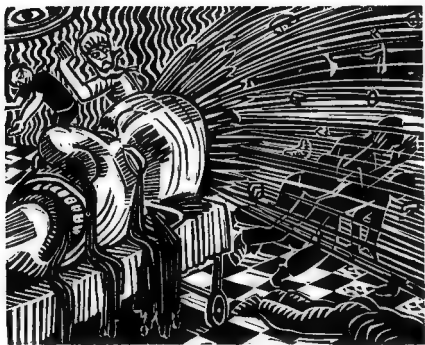
















THEY ROLLED THE WHOLE BED OUT OF THERE

THE NURSE WAS STANDING THERE,
HER BACK TO ME, SAYING...

I'VE GOT TO
GET THE AIR
BUBBLES OUT OF
THE LINE!

I BEGAN TO COUGH, AND
I COUGHED SOME MORE,

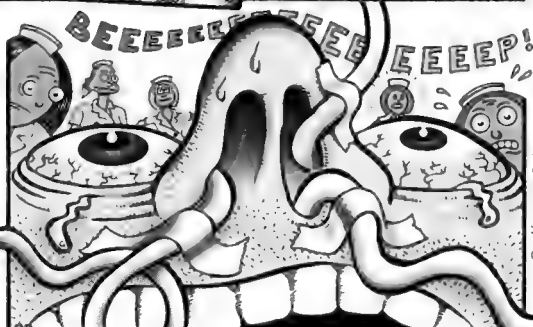
THEN I BEGAN TO
TREMBLE ALL OVER,

TREMBLE AND SHAKE
AND JUMP

I COULDN'T BREATHE MY
FACE WAS BURNING BUT THE
WORST WAS MY BACK,
RIGHT DOWN AT THE END
OF THE SPINE--

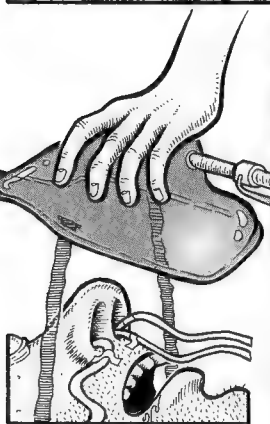
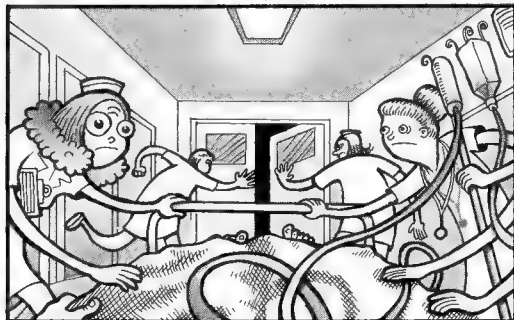


THE PAIN WAS BLACK AND
UNENDURABLE.

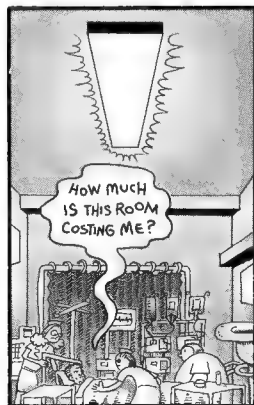


NEXT I KNEW THERE WERE LOUD BUZZERS GOING OFF
AND THEY WERE ROLLING THE WHOLE BED OUT OF
THERE, THERE WERE 5 OR 6 FEMALE NURSES, THERE
WAS AN OXYGEN TANK AND THEN I WAS BREATHING
AGAIN, THE TUBES STUCK INTO MY NOSTRILS.

THEY ROLLED ME DOWN TO A LARGE ROOM ACROSS FROM THE NURSES STATION AND IT WAS LIKE IN A MOVIE, I WAS HOOKED UP TO ONE OF THOSE MACHINES THAT HAD THE LITTLE LINES RUNNING ACROSS THE SCREEN.



IT WAS ALRIGHT.



AFTER A WHILE THEY CAME IN WITH A PORTABLE X-RAY MACHINE AND X-RAYED ME.



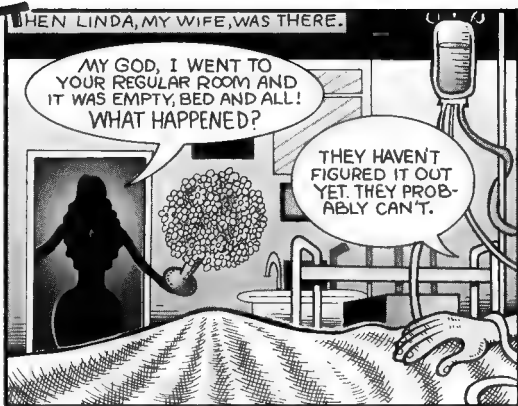
OVERNIGHT
OR UNTIL
SOMEBODY
NEEDS IT WORSE
THAN YOU.



THEN LINDA, MY WIFE, WAS THERE.

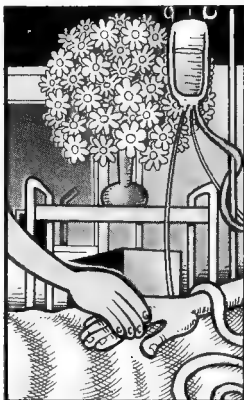
MY GOD, I WENT TO
YOUR REGULAR ROOM AND
IT WAS EMPTY, BED AND ALL!
WHAT HAPPENED?

THEY HAVEN'T
FIGURED IT OUT
YET. THEY PROBABLY
CAN'T.



THERE
MUST BE A
REASON.

SURE.



WELL, I WASN'T DEAD AND
LINDA SAT AND WATCHED
THE LITTLE LINES MOVING ON
THE SCREEN...



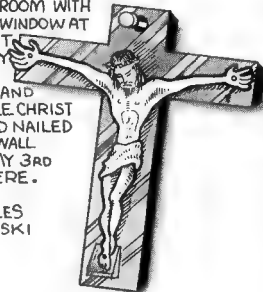
...AND I WATCHED THE NURSES ANSWERING THEPHONES
AND READING THINGS OFF OF CLIPBOARDS



AND ACTUALLY IT WAS REALLY RATHER PLEASANT AND
ALMOST INTERESTING, ALTHOUGH THERE WAS NO TV IN
THE ROOM AND WE WERE GOING TO MISS THE SUMO
TOURNAMENT ON CHANNEL 18.

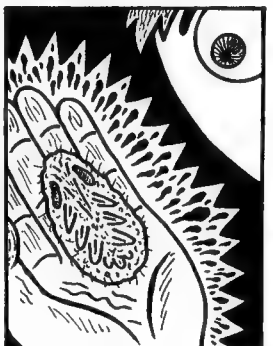
THE NEXT DAY THE DOCTORS
SAID THEY HAD NO IDEA
WHAT HAD CAUSED THE
WHOLE THING AND THE
NURSES TOOK MY BED
AND ROLLED ME BACK TO
MY OLD ROOM WITH
THE TINY WINDOW AT
THE LEFT
REAR, MY
TRUSTY
URINAL, AND
THE LITTLE CHRIST
THEY HAD NAILED
TO THE WALL
AFTER MY 3RD
DAY THERE.

-CHARLES
BUKOWSKI



MARK'S FRIEND, WADDY

By MIKE DIANA
1994



This isn't a rock!!!
It looks like an insect
cocoon or something &
it's moving too!



Hey Kid,
how the
fuck's it
goin' ???
Let me dry
the hell off
here! I
feel good!



I'm Woody!! I am
kind of like a fuck'
super hero !! When
you picked up my
chrysalis the warmth
from your hand let
me metamorphose
into my adult
form! I owe
you a favor!



Let me
catch that
fuckn' little
rabbit to
show you
an example
of my awe-
some power!

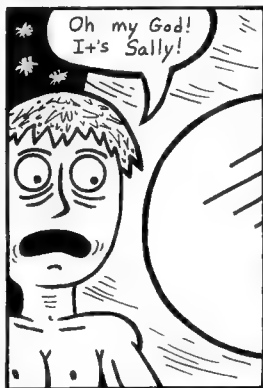


Here bunny
rabbit! Get
over here ya
little shit!











zero zero

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Adam Glickman
Technical Support
Peppy White
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Cover Coloring
Rebecca Bowen,
All Columbia
Cover Color Scan
Rayson Films
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Collier, Kim Deitch,
Simon Deitch, Mike
Diana, Michael Dougan,
Mary Fleener, David
Holzman, Pat Moriarty,
Frank Stack, Ted Stearn,
Henriette Valium,
J.R. Williams
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and Kim Thompson

EXTRAZEROCULAR ACTIVITIES...

In addition to biographical notes on **ZERO ZERO** cartoonists, this column will include information on availability of other books, zines, and miscellaneous products by these selfsame cartoonists. An "FB" next to the price means you can order the literature in question from Fantagraphics Books, using the coupon on the facing page.

Max Andersson will continue to snatch high-paying cartoon jobs from under the noses of hard-working, red-blooded American cartoonists unless Congress passes some sort of law about it; his amazing graphic novel **PIXY** (\$11.95/FB) is dissected in great detail in the current issue of **THE COMICS JOURNAL**, #174 (\$5.95/FB), which also features an interview with Andersson...

If you've bought all three issues of **COLLIER'S** (#1-2, \$2.75 each; #3, \$3.50/FB) and are hungry for more than the four-page **David Collier** pieces scheduled for future **ZERO ZERO**s, you'd better move to Saskatchewan, where Collier's daily panel "Saskatoon Sketches" appears (in the **SASKATOON STAR-PHOENIX**, circ. 80,000)...

a big way with a 40-page concluding installment to his creepy **SHADOWLAND** continuity; it will appear in **ZERO ZERO** toward the end of 1995...



Contrary to what you might believe, First Amendment poster boy **Mike Diana** did not commit a felony by writing and drawing the story in this issue of **ZERO ZERO**, as his case weaves its way through the courts again; bloody but unbowed, Diana is working on the second issue of **SUPERFLY**, and has finished a "Rape" board game for the next



issue of legendary rantzine **ANSWER ME!**...

Have you read **Michael Dougan's I CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING** yet? If not, why not? (\$14.00/FB)...

Man of Mystery **David Holzman** (originally seen in the pages of **RAW**) has produced several more woodcut comics stories, including "The Amphora" and "Daphne Returned," and has self-published them; if you're interested in acquiring one of these (or a copy of the original "Man With the Big Head"), write him at 85 New Road, Avon, CT 06001...

The fifth issue of **Pat Moriarty's BIG MOUTH** is due any day now from Fantagraphics (the latest, issue #4, available for \$2.50/FB); meanwhile, rock fans can

check out his and Jim Blanchard's 12-page comic-book jacket for the latest release from the Goops, **ON THE ROAD WITH THE GOOPS** (for details, write to Blackout Records, P.O. Box 1575, New York, NY 10006)...

Most normal cartoonists, after delivering themselves of a project like **Harvey Pekar** and **Joyce Brabner's OUR CANCER YEAR**, would lapse into catatonia for a few years; not so **Frank Stack**, who, in addition to his continuing "New Adventures of Jesus" serial, has wrapped up a story about Caravaggio for the next issue of **BLABI**, and is laboring away at two stories (totaling 30 pages) for future editions of **AMERICAN SPLENDOR**; the future includes a planned **NEW ADVENTURES OF JESUS** anthology and a collection of Stack's nudes, plus the occasional review for **THE COMICS JOURNAL**...



If you're vaguely aware of **Ted Stearn's** work but don't remember where you saw it last, check out **David Mazzucchelli's RUBBER BLANKET** (issue #3 available from FB for \$8.00)...

Quebecois lunatic **Henriette Valium**, who makes **Julie Doucet** look like a nice Catholic girl - well, actually, **Julie Doucet** is a nice Catholic girl - can be seen in recent issues of **SCREW** and **CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT**, and is working on a new



Everyone knows about **J.R. Williams's CRAP**, but did you know the **Bad Boys** creator is also the writer of **Cosmic Comics' LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS** adaptation (coming later this Spring)?

SOON BUSTER AND EDIE ARE ON THEIR WAY!



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Kim Deitch has temporarily forsaken the comics world for the fine-arts milieu, but will return to sequential cartoons in



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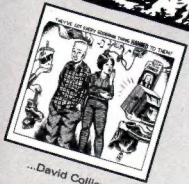
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...Max Andersson...



...Mack White...



...David Collier...

...plus David Mazzucchelli, Wayne, Metal?, Skip Williamson, and a new "Trashman" tale by Spain!

...Frank Stack...



NEXT ISSUE: Richard Sala...



...Glenn Head...

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The demon god of cholesterol wreaks crisco-havoc on a world of designer desserts made flesh, as the dairy-product messiah tastes (3) -flavored demise. By GLENN HEAD



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